

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario"

[Tribe and L.O.N.S.:]

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

[Phife Dawg:]

Ayo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)
But Bo don't know jack, 'cause Bo can't rap
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat
No batteries included, and no strings attached
No holds barred, no time for move faking
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so

Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Zs troop
But here's the real scoop
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from

I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah)
Head for the border, go get a taco
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go
Sit back relax and let yourself go
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

[Charlie Brown:]

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)
Real live y'all (live y'all!)
Inside outside come around
(who's that?) Brown

So may I say, call me Charlie
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates contact
Can I get a hit? (hit!)
Boom bip with a brother named Tip
And we're ready to flip

East coast stomping, ripping and romping
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton
Checka-checka-check it out!
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow

We're ill 'til the skill gets down

For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new
But the rest are doo-doo
From radio to the video to Arsenio
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

[Dinco D:]

(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo
Scenarios, radios, rates more than four
Scores for the s'mores that smother dance floors
Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore

Ship-shape, crushed grapes, apes that play tapes
Papes make drakes baked for the wakes
Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader
Base in the space means peace, see ya later

Later? (Later!) Later alligator
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight
Laugh yo how's that sound (oh!)

[Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes:]

It's a Leader-Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)
Never on the left 'cause my right's my good ear (ear!)
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal
Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal

I love my young nation, groovy sensation
No time for hibernation, only elation
Don't ever try to test the water, little kid
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked
Then they rebuked and you had to smack
Causing rambunction, throughout the sphere
Raise the levels of the boom inside the ear

You know I did it
So don't violate or you get violated
The hip-hop sound is well agitated
Won't ever waste no time on the played-out ego
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

[Busta Rhymes:]

Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind
Powerful impact boom from the cannon
Not bragging, tryna read my mind just imagine
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary
When digging into my library

Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!
Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh-a

Uh, uh uh, all over the track man
Uh, pardon me, uh, as I come back

As I did it yo I had to beg your pardon
When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron
Rawr! Rawr! Like a dungeon dragon
Change your little drawers 'cause your pants are sagging

Try to step to this, I will, twist you in a turban
And had you smelling ripe, like some old stale urine

Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken
The rear cock diesel, butt cheeks they were kicking
Yo, busting out before the Busta bust another rhyme
The rhythm is in sync (uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)
Rippin' up the sound just like Horatio
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!
Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario